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## JOURNAL OF NEGRO LIFE

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# OPPORTUNITY

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# Editorials

**The Opportunity Literary Award**

OPPORTUNITY extends its congratulations to Arna Bontemps, winner of the Literary Award for 1933. Twice winner of the Alexander Pushkin poetry prize in previous Opportunity contests he now becomes the winner of the literary award for a story, "A Summer Tragedy," which is published in this issue of Opportunity.

No less does Opportunity felicitate Henry B. Jones, Marita O. Bonner, and Eugene Gordon, who were awarded honorable mention by the judges. And to the hundred-odd entrants who submitted manuscripts, we express our appreciation with the hope that they will still strive to attain that excellence which they sought to achieve in this competition.

Of all literary forms the short story is perhaps the most difficult to master. The fact that 95 per cent of all manuscripts entered were short stories is proof that the young Negro writer is not dismayed by the difficulties which are inherent in this form of composition. In the mass of manuscripts submitted there was ample evidence of power in writing, sometimes it was undeveloped, crude, undisciplined but power none the less, and therein lies hope for the future.

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**The Other Side**

IT is not without significance that the most scathing attacks on the present state of race relations in the South should come from the pens of Southerners themselves. No Negro paper, we venture to say, has ever surpassed the Elizabeth City (N. C.) *Independent* in a direct statement such as appeared editorially in that journal on May 12th. The editorial is captioned, "Justice? Boloney!" and reads as follows:

JUSTICE? BOLONEY!

In a denunciation of capital punishment in Greensboro three weeks ago Dr. A. P. Kephart made the sensational charge that "in North Carolina only the ignorant, the feeble-minded, the poor and the Negro are executed."

Last Friday a Guilford County jury in Greensboro acquitted John Harris, a High Point white man, of the willful and inexcusable murder of a defenseless Negro.

Judge A. M. Stack rebuked the jury in the following language: "Gentlemen of the jury," said Judge Stack, "you have made a very great mistake. Your verdict is an absolute miscarriage of justice. This defendant was clearly guilty of murder in the first degree, and your verdict is totally a miscarriage of justice. The defense set-up was absolutely ridiculous. . . . . I never have been so surprised in all my experience at the bar or on the bench at a verdict of a jury as I am in this case. It looks like the law against capital punishment is enforced, as some one said not long ago, unfairly against the weak, the poor and helpless. . . . . That poor darkey was shot down in his own home, inside of his own door, by a man that was mad at him and armed with a pistol, and yet the jury brings in a verdict of not guilty. . . . The enforcement of the criminal law in some instances is a disgrace to the state—a disgrace in that juries render verdicts wholly and entirely contrary to all evidence in the case."

But the judge's fiery rebuke does not avenge the death of the poor Negro or increase the respect of the lowly for law in North Carolina. Where the death sentence is involved, only the weak, the ignorant, the feeble-minded, the poor and the Negro can be convicted in the average North Carolina county. A sad commentary upon our civilization.

**If we would know the cause for such incidents as the above and this is surely not an isolated case, we can do no better than to read the brilliant review of Arthur Raper's "The Tragedy of Lynching" by Walter Millis, in the *New York Tribune* of April 30th. Says Mr. Millis, who is of the editorial staff of the *Tribune*:**

"The tragedy of lynching is fundamentally, of course, the tragedy of the Southern people's failure to achieve a sound solution of the racial problem. This is not, of course, entirely the South's fault. It is now generally recognized that the Reconstruction politicians of the North were important architects of the dogma of "white supremacy," by which the solution was attempted; what the South is slower to admit is the fact that the solution inevitably carried its own failure within it. The attempt to keep so important a part of the population in a condition of permanent inferiority and dependence involved a denial to the Negro of economic opportunity, education and social services. This

accentuated the "shiftlessness" and ignorance producing the crime which the whites sought to repress by violence; white violence incited the bolder and more energetic colored men to violence in retort; while the basic effort to prolong an already anachronistic slave economy contributed to the economic degradation of the entire community, the whites tending to become more ignorant, brutal and jealous as the colored population was more and more denied the opportunity of growing into a productive and sound element of citizenship.

It will not be easy for the South to rid itself of the "white supremacy" complex, although there is no valid reason for its existence in the present day. Evoked at first as a rationalization of the slave system, and later as a defense mechanism to perpetuate the slave status of the freedman, it is now simply an emotional hang-over from a condition that has passed. We do not believe it can forever survive the attacks of enlightened Southern opinion as expressed in such editorials quoted above and such dispassionate and courageous statements as Dr. Raper's -"The Tragedy of Lynching," happy omens of a new spirit of liberalism.

▼▼▼▼▼

**Our Generation**

RECENTLY Dr. James Rowland Angell, distinguished president of Yale University, spoke in behalf of the higher education of Negroes. In the course of his remarks he said:

"Our generation has come to believe in the obligation we owe to the Negro. If from no other reason than from pure selfishness, the white people must realize that they must provide the Negro with leaders from within the Negro race, and these leaders can only be furnished through education."

Coming from so high a source these words will unquestionably receive the attention of many who have heretofore had merely a passive interest in the education of Negro youth. It is to be hoped that they will stimulate this generation to accept its full responsibility for the future leadership of the Negro.

There is another obligation, however, which rests no less heavily on our generation. A glance at the unemployment chart of Mr. Reid's in this issue of Opportunity will reveal the terrific struggle which the Negro even in normal times must make to gain a livelihood. In times of economic distress like the present, the struggle is almost hopeless.

It is important that the Negro have every opportunity to secure an education; it is no less important that he be given the opportunity to use it. The type of leadership which the Negro will get will be determined not alone by the classroom, but by the conditions which he and his fellows must face in American life.

▼▼▼▼▼

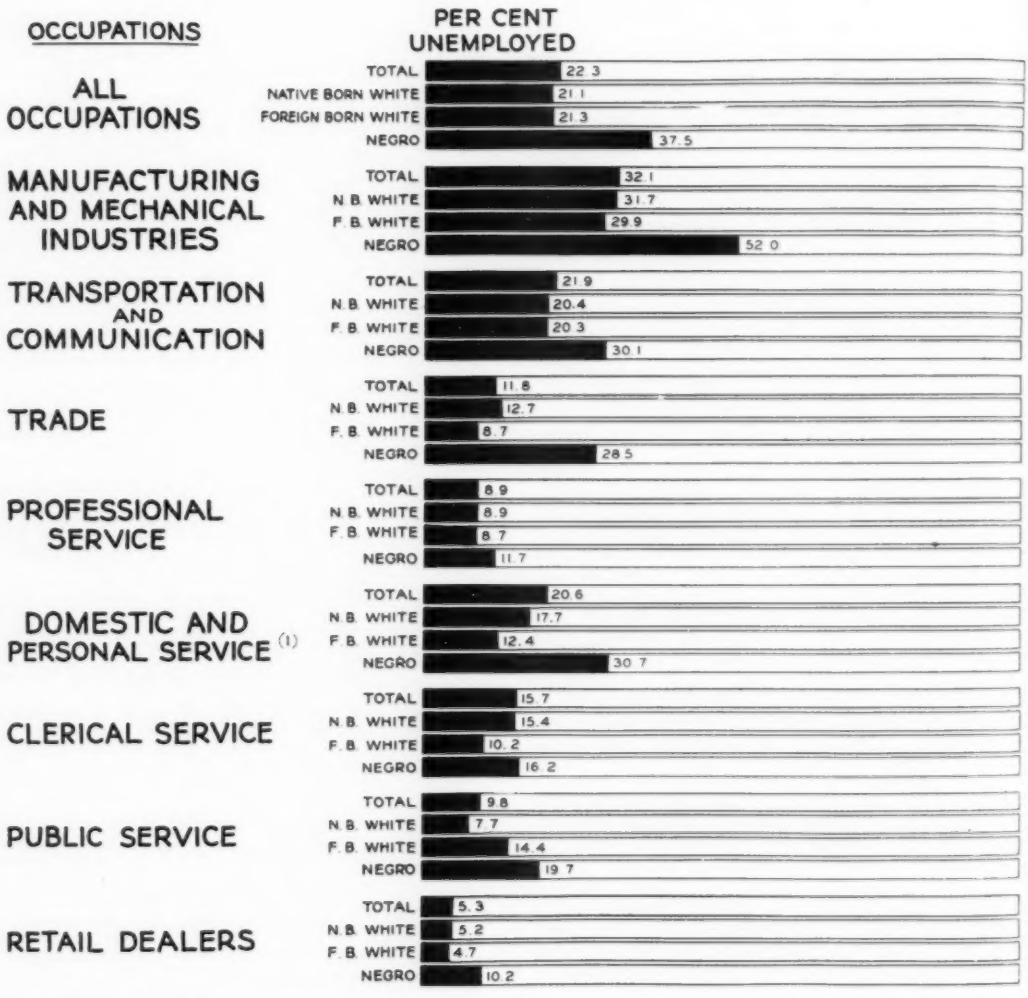
**A Letter From the Secretary of Labor**

THE letter from Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of the Department of Labor, to Eugene Kinckle Jones, Secretary of the National Urban League, which is published in this issue of Opportunity, will serve to reassure the Negro as to the part he will be accorded in the vast reconstruction, relief and emergency employment projects which are being launched by the Administration.

It comes at a time when despair to an unparalleled degree has gripped Negro citizens, who have suffered not only from universal unemployment, but from inadequate relief, even when such relief has been made available by funds from the Federal Government. It comes at a time when the Negro, with his traditional patience nearly exhausted by quibbling, deceit, and shameless racial discrimination, had begun to lend his ears to the siren songs of those who out of his misery and wretchedness would forge the weapons of revolt.

The National Urban League, for twenty-three years engaged in the work of social and economic rehabilitation of Negroes, (through its Departments of Research and Industrial Relations) was able to lay before the President and his Cabinet the facts as to the economic and social status of the Negro. The swift and forthright reply of the President, through Miss Perkins, is an evidence of his deep interest in the Negroes' welfare and his appreciation of the efforts the National Urban League is making towards better race relations.

# UNEMPLOYMENT
## BY RACE AND NATIVITY
## AMONG MALE WORKERS IN 13 U. S. CITIES
## JANUARY, 1931




(1) Includes female workers

The 13 cities: Birmingham, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Houston, Los Angeles, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis.

Source: U. S. Bureau of the Census
Special Unemployment Census
January, 1931

THE NATIONAL URBAN LEAGUE
DEPARTMENT OF RESEARCH
1933

# A Letter*

DEPARTMENT OF LABOR

Office of the Secretary

Washington

April 27, 1933.

Mr. Eugene Kinckle Jones,

Executive Secretary, National Urban League,

1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Jones:

May I congratulate you on the Special Memorandum for the President on "The Social Adjustment of Negroes in the United States." He has asked me to tell you that he is very glad indeed to have this factual summary. He realizes the unfavorable economic position of the Negro, and the tremendous suffering which the present depression has brought to them and to other unskilled as well as skilled workers. But in spite of the discouragements of the immediate past, he finds great hope for the Negro race in the enormous progress it has made in the last 30 years. Gradually Negro workers have succeeded in securing more skilled and responsible jobs, have made their way in professions and in business. There is also great encouragement in the progress that has been made in the reduction of illiteracy, of infant mortality, and of the general death rate among Negroes.

I can assure you that as this Administration undertakes the problems of relief administration of providing work opportunities, of raising basic wage levels, etc., etc., we shall not forget the special problems of the more than ten million people who belong to your race.

I note that you refer specifically to certain abuses or discriminations in connection with the Mississippi flood control and the Boulder dam project under the past Administration. I am sure that as far as it is legally possible under the contracts already made the President will leave nothing undone which will prevent or stop the exploitation of workmen, whether white or colored, by Federal contractors. I am personally at work on the problem of making sure that labor standards will be more fully provided for in future government undertakings.

As for the Employment Service, this is my own immediate responsibility. You have perhaps seen from the papers that a complete reorganization of the Service is under way. It will take some time to put the cooperative Federal and State system on the kind of basis which will insure real service for working men and women. I can assure you, however, that I shall be glad to have any suggestions you may have from time to time as to how the Service may serve more efficiently all classes of labor.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) FRANCES PERKINS,

*Secretary*

*This letter from Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, was sent in response to a special memorandum prepared for President Roosevelt by the Department of Research of the National Urban League on The Social Adjustment of Negroes in the United States.

# The Road to the Future

*By* PEARL S. BUCK

I THINK you all must realize that nothing has been so moving and so interesting to me in these months which I have been spending in America as your own group, the Negroes. Just why this has been so, I cannot say. I do not know why exactly I wanted to accept the invitation to the tea given by OPPORTUNITY in Harlem, which really introduced me to you. A great many other invitations of other very interesting groups I had not accepted, feeling myself too busy. But when this invitation came, I thought to myself, "Here is a group of people of whom I know nothing except that I have heard some beautiful music they have made and I have read a few poems and stories they have written. I should like to know something about them."

*Speech delivered by Mrs. Pearl S. Buck at the Farewell Dinner given in her honor by Opportunity Magazine at the New School for Social Research, New York City, May 5, 1933.*

THE EDITOR.

Out of that desire has come really one of the great experiences of my life; great in two ways. I have come to know some of you as personal friends, and to count some of you as permanent friends, people whose spirits I love and wish to keep in contact with my own. Beside this, I have the great experience of a fresh interest in a new group, to me new, of people. I have read with added interest what you write. I have met with added zest others of your race; I have taken every opportunity to talk with white people about you — white people of all kinds and feelings. And now I begin to feel myself in a way identified with you, both as a human being, myself, and as an American and a fellow countryman. In fact, it is in my feeling of kinship with you as fellow countrymen that I feel myself most keenly American. That is, you are the part of America which has come most closely to me during these months, the part of America about which I have thought the most.

I have gone through several stages in this thinking. At first, after I had talked with many of you, you who are educated, intelligent, cultured, I was filled with an intolerable sense of shame that in our country, yours and mine, you should be a persecuted race—that members of my race should be persecuting members of your race, in this land which is ours in common. I had the old sickening sense I have had sometimes in China, when I have seen a white man ill-treating a Chinese that I wished; I wished I were not white, because it is easier always for me to bear the suffering of being the one persecuted than the dreadful spiritual reponsibility of the one who persecutes. One can still be great, though persecuted, but greatness is forever denied him who persecutes another. Therefore it is with agony at such times that I realize my race.

But as before I set about to separate myself from my race. Fortunately I have no real consciousness of race. I cannot without effort remember that I am white. When I am with yellow-skinned people, my skin feels yellow, and soon when I was with you also, I felt my skin black, and I began to walk among the white people, feeling as you do and taking upon myself the things you must take upon yourselves. That is, my eyes became opened to your circumstances, and I began to see acutely and sensitively every contact between a Negro and a white person, or between Negro and Negro, and I began to hear every word that white people say about Negroes, and that Negroes say about everything. During these last months I have come therefore to feel, I think, as much a part of your people as it is possible for one human being to feel part of another, and if I fall short of completeness, it is for no other reason than the shortness of time. I have not been here long enough to enter into the ramifications of all your life. But I know that if I were to live here it would be a primary interest to me to follow you eagerly and do all I could for the adjustment of race into its rightful place in our country.

But even in this short time I think I comprehend at least some of the chiefest of your problems. I want therefore to talk a little while this evening, earnestly and privately. I want you, I beg you, to accept me among yourselves for this evening at least, if you will have me, as a Negro. Let me be of your blood and your race and try to think as one of you. Knowing people as I do, then, feeling Negro as

I do, what of us? What of us in this day and time in this country?

In the first place let us face our obvious situation. We are here in a white man's country, brought here by white men for their service. In many, in most places we are not welcome. Our economic struggle is at least twice as hard as the white man's, our depression at least twice as great. This is because of the prejudice against us and because also we do not, have not in the past received, as good training as the white man has had. But given equal training the odds are still against us. We know that in any job open, though our training and equipment may be better than the white man's, he will get the job. We simply have to accept this fact and reckon with it.

Our greatest tragedy is that this is our country. We are not foreigners here. We belong here—we have nowhere else to go. Many of us have fought for this country. In war time we were welcome. But when we came home the same old prejudices were here. I say this is our greatest tragedy. Sometimes I think there is one still greater. It is that in ourselves we are afraid we are not really quite so good as the white man. We cannot forget that our fathers were slaves. We cannot forget that our race is a new race, without all the history and the civilization that the white man's race has. We are conscious of newness and of lack. We show this consciousness in many ways. The uneducated members of our race take it for granted. They serve as a matter of course; they suffer, they accept what the white man gives them.

When we see this, you and I, we who are educated Negroes, who have had honors in college, we cannot but be filled with anger and suffering and bitterness. Part of this bitterness is hatred against the white man—against that white fellow, often himself low and common and ignorant and boorish, who because his skin happens to be white, feels he can lord it over a black man, who disregards wholly the spirit, and claims the false superiority of the body. But strangely enough part of our bitterness is against our own kind too, who will allow the white man so to trod upon him. We long to see a Negro rise up and refuse to accept—we suffer intolerably because he can accept. Secretly we wonder if after all there is an inferiority in him which allows him so to accept. And we hold ourselves, we the more sensitive, the more educated Negro, we hold ourselves the more proudly, the more independently, determined to make our way the more bravely.

We can never become accustomed to the slights we receive. To some of us life becomes increasingly intolerable. We either shrink from going to places where we fear slights or else we find ourselves with a sort of pride going stubbornly on and receiving the slights and so the suffering mounts in us and the soreness increases. Some day it will break into crisis, inevitably.

But some of us have passed through this, too. Some of us have come through to a place of tranquillity. And these have achieved tranquillity through achievement. Some of us have sung, have written, have discovered, invented and the white man knows and recognizes. We have put ourselves beyond any bounds of race, so that all but the ignorant recognize us. In these of our group one sees poise and equality with the best of mankind, that is, real equality. For there cannot be equality until we know and feel that we are equal. It goes without saying that we are equal in reality—I believe in the human equality of all human beings. But unless we have that serene consciousness within ourselves, or rather that simple unconsciousness, that acceptance of ourselves as we are, the equality does not exist for us.

The truth is we have two problems to solve. We have the actual fact that we are discriminated against as a race. That fact can be dealt with in time. We can reckon with it and provide for it. There are actual ways of changing this as time goes on. We can foster every achievement in our race, we can watch for our gifted children and lend them a hand by scholarships and encouragement. We can stand loyal to each other, using doctors, lawyers, workers of every kind of our race, thus helping in every possible way our economic condition, and developing our own; we can carry on steadily and without rancor the fight for equal educational advantages for our children. Quietly and unobtrusively we can communicate with each other through every sort of organization for the benefit of our race. When our achievement becomes equal and often superior to the white man, superior in individual cases, for races are not superior to each other but only the occasional individual is superior to all of us, I believe much of our battle is won. And I have seen enough of the fruit of achievement in us to believe that achievement only is our weapon in this aspect of our problem.

But our more serious problem,—for I believe we can achieve, it is only time and determination that are needed,—is within ourselves. This very achievement we cannot produce unless we have the right attitude of mind. That

is, we must believe in our own selves. I know that many of us say we do. We tell of this honor student and that in schools; we show again and again how this Negro and that has surpassed the white man. The very fact that we dwell upon these so eagerly betrays us. Of course the Negro will take honors as often as the white man. Why should he not? I expect it. Why should I think that he cannot? I have no evidence that he is inherently less able to do so. If he does not do it so often, it is because too few Negroes have the chance. I shall bend myself, as a Negro, to see that more members of my race have the chance—that's all. First then, I must as a Negro believe in my own race, in his ability. I must believe, or I can never get anyone else to do so.

Now I know it is not easy to believe it, always, not because it is not true, but because it is easy for any people, for any individual to get, after years of persecution more or less severe, a sort of depressed mind. It is natural to be either depressed or bitter. Neither serves. Both are weakening processes. One has to build against them steadily and constructively, against depression and bitterness, consciously remembering the gifts of our race, constantly reminding ourselves that we are able, that we must help each other, encourage each other, believe in each other, not give way to division and to hatred. We must above all be loyal to each other by believing in each other, encouraging everything good in each other, keeping the morale of our group for the long road ahead.

Yes, our real enemy is in ourselves. The white man will not believe what we do not believe about ourselves. We must achieve somehow serenity of self confidence before we are ready to be leaders of our own people onwards. If we do not have that we are not ready to lead our people. Our cause is not clear even to ourselves. We have to be able to take slights without bitterness, and be able to look beyond the person who gives them; not scornfully beyond him, but understanding how it is he is so small, and by courtesy and good manners answering him. I mean by this that any slight is to be ignored as a thing beneath our notice. To become angry over a slight and show our anger, or to accept it as unavoidable and in a servile manner is equally foolish. Dignity and quiet-ignoring are the answer to the littlenesses of race prejudice. Every time you can outwardly behave in this way, every time you can inwardly really *not care*, because you are sure of yourself in your place in humanity and you can look beyond yourself as an individual and beyond this other little human creature as an individual, you have proved again your equality in the family of us all. Only such a spirit can lead others out, by the very fact of its being.

I believe so firmly that the great spirit is the only foundation for life, the only means to progress, that I am sure as Negroes we cannot hope to achieve until we have it in as many of us as we can—certainly in our leaders.

I hope you do not confuse the sort of spirit I mean with mere passive acceptance and resignation. Nothing could be further from my meaning. I hate passivity. I hate resignation. I am never resigned to any condition that is wrong anywhere. I will not be resigned so long as I live to anything unjust and unequal between human beings. But I dare not go about righting that wrong, unless I feel my own spirit is simple and kind and free of bitterness, and hatred even against the unjust. I will remember that often, perhaps always, the unjust man is the ignorant man, and I will not blame him for ignorance—I will try to inform him. Or he may be the man who has suffered some wrong himself and suffering has turned bitter in him. I will try to look beyond the individual in any case, and myself hold no bitterness.

No, this spirit I mean is a most aggressive thing—the most aggressive thing in the world. It is the aggression of people who quietly dare to do what they think is right, whatever public opinion is, who dare to live in a certain way regardless of what others think or say, who dare tranquilly to be just their own and their truest selves. There is no greater aggression, nothing more positive in the world, than this.

With this spirit then, let us dare to live. We can live. We can, with this spirit, take every advantage for our cause. We can remember gladly that there are many intelligent white people in this country who believe in us, too, and who hate and deplore the inequalities. Let us use them and strive to increase their number. Let us work together, and with them, to foster and develop every least little means of understanding and cooperation between us all. Let us see to it that our children are reared in this spirit of greatness which can overlook personal slights and see the larger issues. After all, fighting personal slights, fearing them, attacking even mentally the persons who make them, is like fighting and struggling against a cloud of mosquitoes. We can exhaust ourselves retaliating and to no avail. We only destroy

our own peace, and do nothing of importance. The cause for the mosquitoes must be searched out and removed.

I hope in what I have said that I do not sound presumptuous. I know that some of you will be thinking, "After all, she is not a Negro; after all, she is white and belongs to the white race." I can only say in answer to that, "But I have lived always among another race than my own, and I have had full experience of what it means to be hated because of my color and my race. What I have been telling you I have learned, in what measure I have learned it, out of my own life experience." I can only tell you what I know myself. I know, I am convinced, that one race is not superior inherently to any other. I know that only individuals can be superior. I know that individuals are only able to be superior human beings when they can achieve this greatness of spirit, this cosmic greatness, which is above any personal hurt, and seeing the human family whole, is able to press on steadily and without discouragement, facing our own faults and endeavoring to count them, realizing and rejoicing in our strengths, thinking first not that we are persecuted and depressed, but that we can and will achieve and take our place through that achievement, which is so essentially, fundamentally and first an achievement of the spirit.

# *Tomorrow*

*By* JONATHAN HENDERSON BROOKS

*AND now we see as through a darkened glass,*
*With a discernment which is all too dim.*
*But time will bring the seers' day to pass*
*When men will touch the healing garment's hem,*
*And, in the kingdom of the well-defined,*
*Where every mist is vanished utterly,*
*We shall perceive and know how sorely blind*
*And ill-illumed the soul of man may be.*

*Some day our blindness will be cleanly healed,*
*And so shall we rejoice with Bartimaeus,*
*Seeing the world of hidden truth revealed.*
*And—if winebibbing Omar or Prometheus*
*Has ultimately found the better way—*
*It will be plain before us in that day.*

# A Summer Tragedy

*By* ARNA BONTEMPS

OLD Jeff Patton, the black share farmer, fumbled with his bow tie. His fingers trembled and the high, stiff collar pinched his throat. A fellow looses his hand for such vanities after thirty or forty years of simple life. Once a year, or maybe twice if there's a wedding among his kinfolks, he may spruce up; but generally fancy clothes do nothing but adorn the wall of the big room and feed the moths. That had been Jeff Patton's experience. He had not worn his stiff-bosomed shirt more than a dozen times in all his married life. His swallow-tailed coat lay on the bed beside him, freshly brushed and pressed, but it was as full of holes as the overalls in which he worked on week days. The moths had used it badly. Jeff twisted his mouth into a hideous toothless grimace as he contended with the obstinate bow. He stamped his good foot and decided to give up the struggle.

*This is the story which received the* OPPORTUNITY *Literary Award for* 1933. *Arna Bontemps twice won the Alexander Pushkin prize for Poetry in previous* OPPORTUNITY *contests. He is the author of "God Sends Sunday," a novel.*

*—The Editor.*

"Jennie," he called.

"What's that, Jeff?" His wife's shrunken voice came out of the adjoining room like an echo. It was hardly bigger than a whisper.

"I reckon you'll have to he'p me wid this heah bow tie, baby," he said meekly. "Dog if I can hitch it up."

Her answer was not strong enough to reach him, but presently the old woman came to the door, feeling her way with a stick. She had a wasted, dead-leaf appearance. Her body, as scrawny and gnarled as a string bean, seemed less than nothing in the ocean of frayed and faded petticoats that surrounded her. These hung an inch or two above the tops of her heavy unlaced shoes and showed little grotesque piles where the stockings had fallen down from her negligible legs.

"You oughta could do a heap mo' wid a thing like that 'n me—beingst as you got yo' good sight."

"Looks like I *oughta* could," he admitted. "But ma fingers is gone democrat on me. I get all mixed up in the looking glass an' can't tell wicha way to twist the devilish thing."

Jennie sat on the side of the bed and old Jeff Patton got down on one knee while she tied the bow knot. It was a slow and painful ordeal for each of them in this position. Jeff's bones cracked, his knee ached, and it was only after a half dozen attempts that Jennie worked a semblance of a bow into the tie.

"I got to dress maself now," the old woman whispered. "These is ma old shoes an' stockings, and I ain't so much as unwrapped ma dress."

"Well, don't worry 'bout me no mo', baby," Jeff said. "That 'bout finishes me. All I gotta do now is slip on that old coat 'n ves' an' I'll be fixed to leave."

Jennie disappeared again through the dim passage into the shed room. Being blind was no handicap to her in that black hole. Jeff heard the cane placed against the wall beside the door and knew that his wife was on easy ground. He put on his coat, took a battered top hat from the bed post and hobbled to the front door. He was ready to travel. As soon as Jennie could get on her Sunday shoes and her old black silk dress, they would start.

Outside the tiny log house, the day was warm and mellow with sunshine. A host of wasps were humming with busy excitement in the trunk of a dead sycamore. Grey squirrels were searching through the grass for hickory nuts and blue jays were in the trees, hopping from branch to branch. Pine woods stretched away to the left like a black sea. Among them were scattered scores of log houses like Jeff's, houses of black share farmers. Cows and pigs wandered freely among the trees. There was no danger of loss. Each farmer knew his own stock and knew his neighbor's as well as he knew his neighbor's children.

Down the slope to the right were the cultivated acres on which the colored folks worked. They extended to the river, more than two miles away, and they were today green with the unmade cotton crop. A tiny thread of a road, which passed directly in front of Jeff's place, ran through these green fields like a pencil mark.

Jeff, standing outside the door, with his absurd hat in his left hand, surveyed the wide scene tenderly. He had been forty-five years

on these acres. He loved them with the unexplained affection that others have for the countries to which they belong.

The sun was hot on his head, his collar still pinched his throat, and the Sunday clothes were intolerably hot. Jeff transfered the hat to his right hand and began fanning with it. Suddenly the whisper that was Jennie's voice came out of the shed room.

"You can bring the car round front whilst you's waitin'," it said feebly. There was a tired pause; then it added, "I'll soon be fixed to go."

"A'right, baby," Jeff answered. "I'll get it in a minute."

But he didn't move. A thought struck him that made his mouth fall open. The mention of the car brought to his mind, with new intensity, the trip he and Jennie were about to take. Fear came into his eyes; excitement took his breath. Lord, Jesus!

"Jeff. . . . O Jeff," the old woman's whisper called.

He awakened with a jolt. "Hunh, baby?"

"What you doin'?"

"Nuthin. Jes studyin'. I jes been turnin' thing round 'n round in ma mind."

"You could be gettin' the car," she said.

"Oh yes, right away, baby."

He started round to the shed, limping heavily on his bad leg. There were three frizzly chickens in the yard. All his other chickens had been killed or stolen recently. But the frizzly chickens had been saved somehow. That was fortunate indeed, for these curious creatures had a way of devouring "poison" from the yard and in that way protecting against cunjure and bad luck and spells. But even the frizzly chickens seemed now to be in a stupor. Jeff thought they had some ailment; he expected all three of them to die shortly.

The shed in which the old T-model Ford stood was only a grass roof held up by four corner poles. It had been built by tremulous hands at a time when the little rattle trap car had been regarded as a peculiar treasure. And, miraculously, despite wind and downpour, it still stood.

Jeff adjusted the crank and put his weight upon it. The engine came to life with a sputter and bang that rattled the old car from radiator to tail light. Jeff hopped into the seat and put his foot on the accelerator. The sputtering and banging increased. The rattling became more violent. That was good. It was good banging, good sputtering and rattling, and it meant that the aged car was still in running condition. She could be depended on for this trip.

Again Jeff's thought halted as if paralyzed. The suggestion of the trip fell into the machinery of his mind like a wrench. He felt dazed and weak. He swung the car out into the yard, made a half turn and drove around to the front door. When he took his hands off the wheel, he noticed that he was trembling violently. He cut off the motor and climbed to the ground to wait for Jennie.

A few moments later she was at the window, her voice rattling against the pane like a broken shutter.

"I'm ready, Jeff."

He did not answer, but limped into the house and took her by the arm. He led her slowly through the big room, down the step and across the yard.

"You reckon I'd oughta lock the do'?" he asked softly.

They stopped and Jennie weighed the question. Finally she shook her head.

"Ne' mind the do'," she said. "I don't see no cause to lock up things."

"You right," Jeff agreed. "No cause to lock up."

Jeff opened the door and helped his wife into the car. A quick shudder passed over him. Jesus! Again he trembled.

"How come you shaking so?" Jennie whispered.

"I don't know," he said.

"You mus' be scairt, Jeff."

"No, baby, I ain't scairt."

He slammed the door after her and went around to crank up again. The motor started easily. Jeff wished that it had not been so responsive. He would have liked a few more minutes in which to turn things around in his head. As it was, with Jennie chiding him about being afraid, he had to keep going. He swung the car into the little pencil-mark road and started off toward the river, driving very slowly, very cautiously.

Chugging across the green countryside, the small battered Ford seemed tiny indeed. Jeff felt a familiar excitement, a thrill, as they came down the first slope to the immense levels on which the cotton was growing. He could not help reflecting that the crops were good. He knew what that meant, too; he had made forty-five of them with his own hands. It was true that he had worn out nearly a dozen mules, but that was the fault of old man Stevenson, the owner of the land. Major Stevenson had the odd notion that one mule was all a share farmer needed to work a thirty-acre plot. It was

an expensive notion, the way it killed mules from over work, but the old man held to it. Jeff thought it killed a good many share farmers as well as mules, but he had no sympathy for them. He had always been strong, and he had been taught to have no patience with weakness in men. Women or children might be tolerated if they were puny, but a weak man was a curse. Of course, his own children—

Jeff's thought halted there. He and Jennie never mentioned their dead children anymore. And naturally, he did not wish to dwell upon them in his mind. Before he knew it, some remark would slip out of his mouth and that would make Jennie feel blue. Perhaps she would cry. A woman like Jennie could not easily throw off the grief that comes from loosing five grown children within two years. Even Jeff was still staggered by the blow. His memory had not been much good recently. He frequently talked to himself. And, although he had kept it a secret, he knew that his courage had left him. He was terrified by the least unfamiliar sound at night. He was reluctant to venture far from home in the daytime. And that habit of trembling when he felt fearful was now far beyond his control. Sometimes he became afraid and trembled without knowing what had frightened him. The feeling would just come over him like a chill.

The car rattled slowly over the dusty road. Jennie sat erect and silent with a little absurd hat pinned to her hair. Her useless eyes seemed very large, very white in their deep sockets. Suddenly Jeff heard her voice, and he inclined his head to catch the words.

"Is we passed Delia Moore's house yet?" she asked.

"Not yet," he said.

"You must be drivin' mighty slow, Jeff."

"We jes as well take our time, baby."

There was a pause. A little puff of steam was coming out of the radiator of the car. Heat wavered above the hood. Delia Moore's house was nearly half a mile away. After a moment Jennie spoke again.

"You ain't really scairt, is you, Jeff?"

"Nah, baby, I ain't scairt."

"You know how we agreed—we gotta keep on goin'."

Jewels of perspiration appeared on Jeff's forehead. His eyes rounded, blinked, became fixed on the road.

"I don't know," he said with a shiver, "I reckon it's the only thing to do."

"Hm."

A flock of guinea fowls, pecking in the road, were scattered by the passing car. Some of them took to their wings; others hid under bushes. A blue jay, swaying on a leafy twig, was annoying a roadside squirrel. Jeff held an even speed till he came near Delia's place. Then he slowed down noticeably.

Delia's house was really no house at all, but an abandoned store building converted into a dwelling. It sat near a crossroads, beneath a single black cedar tree. There Delia, a catish old creature of Jennie's age, lived alone. She had been there more years than anybody could remember, and long ago had won the disfavor of such women as Jennie. For in her young days Delia had been gayer, yellower and saucier than seemed proper in those parts. Her ways with menfolks had been dark and suspicious. And the fact that she had had as many husbands as children did not help her reputation.

"Yonder's old Delia," Jeff said as they passed.

"What she doin'?"

"Jes sittin' in the do', he said.

"She see us?"

"Hm," Jeff said. "Musta did."

That relieved Jennie. It strengthened her to know that her old enemy had seen her pass in her best clothes. That would give the old she-devil something to chew her gums and fret about, Jennie thought. Wouldn't she have a fit if she didn't find out? Old evil Delia! This would be just the thing for her. It would pay her back for being so evil. It would also pay her, Jennie thought, for the way she used to grin at Jeff—long ago when her teeth were good.

The road became smooth and red, and Jeff could tell by the smell of the air that they were nearing the river. He could see the rise where the road turned and ran along parallel to the stream. The car chugged on monotonously. After a long silent spell, Jennie leaned against Jeff and spoke.

"How many bale o' cotton you think we got standin'?" she said.

Jeff wrinkled his forehead as he calculated.

"'Bout twenty-five, I reckon."

"How many you make las' year?"

"Twenty-eight," he said. "How come you ask that?"

"I's jes thinkin'," Jennie said quietly.

"It don't make a speck o' diff'ence though," Jeff reflected. "If we get much or if we get little, we still gonna be in debt to old man Stevenson when he gets through counting up again us. It's took us a long time to learn that."

Jennie was not listening to these words. She

had fallen into a trance-like meditation. Her lips twitched. She chewed her gums and rubbed her old gnarled hands nervously. Suddenly, she leaned forward, buried her face in the nervous hands and burst into tears. She cried aloud in a dry cracked voice that suggested the rattle of fodder on dead stalks. She cried aloud like a child, for she had never learned to suppress a genuine sob. Her slight old frame shook heavily and seemed hardly able to sustain such violent grief.

"What's the matter, baby?" Jeff asked awkwardly. "Why you cryin' like all that?"

"I's jes thinkin'," she said.

"So you the one what's scairt now, hunh?"

"I ain't scairt, Jeff. I's jes tinkin' 'bout leavin' eve'thing like this—eve'thing we been used to. It's right sad-like."

Jeff did not answer, and presently Jennie buried her face again and cried.

The sun was almost overhead. It beat down furiously on the dusty wagon path road, on the parched roadside grass and the tiny battered car. Jeff's hands, gripping the wheels, became wet with perspiration; his forehead sparkled. Jeff's lips parted. His mouth shaped a hideous grimace. His face suggested the face of a man being burned. But the torture passed and his expression softened again.

"You mustn't cry, baby," he said to his wife. "We gotta be strong. We can't break down."

Jennie waited a few seconds, then said, "You reckon we oughta do it, Jeff? You reckon we oughta go 'head an' do it, really?"

Jeff's voice choked; his eyes blurred. He was terrified to hear Jennie say the thing that had been in his mind all morning. She had egged him on when he had wanted more than anything in the world to wait, to reconsider, to think things over a little longer. Now *she* was getting cold feet. Actually, there was no need of thinking the question through again. It would only end in making the same painful decision once more. Jeff knew that. There was no need of fooling around longer.

"We jes as well to do like we planned," he said. "They ain't nothin' else for us now—it's the bes' thing."

Jeff thought of the handicaps, the near impossibility, of making another crop with his leg bothering him more and more each week. Then there was always the chance that he would have another stroke, like the one that had made him lame. Another one might kill him. The least it could do would be to leave him helpless. Jeff gasped. . . . Lord, Jesus! He could not bear to think of being helpless, like a baby, on Jennie's hands. Frail, blind Jennie.

The little pounding motor of the car worked harder and harder. The puff of steam from the cracked radiator became larger. Jeff realized that they were climbing a little rise. A moment later the road turned abruptly and he looked down upon the face of the river.

"Jeff."

"Hunh?"

"Is that the water I hear?"

"Hm. Tha's it."

"Well, which way you goin' now?"

"Down this-a way," he said. "The road runs 'long 'side o' the water a lil piece."

She waited a while calmly. Then she said, "Drive faster."

"A'right, baby," Jeff said.

The water roared in the bed of the river. It was fifty or sixty feet below the level of the road. Between the road and the water there was a long smooth slope, sharply inclined. The slope was dry, the clay hardened by prolonged summer heat. The water below, roaring in a narrow channel, was noisy and wild.

"Jeff."

"Hunh?"

"How far you goin'?"

"Jes a lil piece down the road."

"You ain't scairt is you, Jeff?"

"Nah, baby," he said trembling. "I ain't scairt."

"Remember how we planned it, Jeff. We gotta do it like we said. Brave-like."

"Hm."

Jeff's brain darkened. Things suddenly seemed unreal, like figures in a dream. Thoughts swam in his mind foolishly, hysterically, like little blind fish in a pool within a dense cave. They rushed, crossed one another, jostled, collided, retreated and rushed again. Jeff soon became dizzy. He shuddered violently and turned to his wife.

"Jennie, I can't do it. I can't." His voice broke pitifully.

She did not appear to be listening. All the grief had gone from her face. She sat erect, her unseeing eyes wide open, strained and frightful. Her glossy black skin had become dull. She seemed as thin, as sharp and bony, as a starved bird. Now, having suffered and endured the sadness of tearing herself away from beloved things, she showed no anguish. She was absorbed with her own thoughts, and she didn't even hear Jeff's voice shouting in her ear.

Jeff said nothing more. For an instant there was light in his cavernous brain. The great

(Continued on Page 190)

# A Footnote to the History of Negro Slaving

*by* MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS *and* FRANCES S. HERSKOVITS

*Much has been written of the Negro slave-trade,—of the economic forces which caused its rise and fall, of its toll of human lives, of the humanitarian sentiments against it. Of the reverberations in Africa which this traffic caused we have only guesses: nowhere can one look for an account of how the Africans themselves regarded it. What of the Africans of today? Has all memory of the slave-raids vanished? We give here such answers to these questions as we were able to obtain during field-work in Nigeria, the Gold Coast, and particularly Dahomey, all of them important West African centers of slaving operations in the days of the trade.*

I.

WE met Felix in Abomey, the capitol of the West African Kingdom of Dahomey. In former years, Felix, who was not a Dahomean but a Mina from Togoland, would not have been living there, for in the days of the kings Abomey was as inaccessible to foreigners, black or white, as the ancient walled cities of China. But now Felix drives an automobile in Abomey for a fellow Mina storekeeper.

Felix was driving us to a temple of the Thunder God, where we were to see a novice of the cult go through the ordeal of fire. As we drove through the city we compared notes with our interpreter on this deity's aboriginal worship in Africa and the manner in which he is worshipped in the New World—in Guiana, in Haiti, and elsewhere—by the descendants of Africans who had come to the Americas and the islands of the Caribbean as slaves. To our interpreter, these Africans in the New World were an old story. He had decided sometime before, from our answers to his many questions about "our Africans" that there were among them people who had come from Dahomey; and he had had his own opinion strengthened by hearing elderly Dahomeans exclaim, when we mentioned a Guiana deity, or some Haitian belief, "But you have real Dahomeans there! You have people from Abomey itself!" Felix, however, was learning of New World Negroes for the first time, and as we talked, he went slowly, that he might hear what was being said. All at once there was a rapid interchange between the two Africans, and then a long silence.

"He is crying," said the interpreter, "tears like his are good."

Later, as we came to know Felix and he to trust us, we heard from him why he had been so moved that day, and why he was so eager to hear about the Negroes on our side of the Atlantic. Like most Africans, Felix had been trained in the traditions of his family. He knew that long ago his ancestors had been decimated by slave raids. He could tell us the story of the wanderings of his family to escape from these raids—how, for example, his people had fled from the Ashanti after a war in which many of his ancestral relations had been lost in battle, either killed or carried off into captivity. He could recount how later, when his family had established a new home, they had had to go farther to the East, and as their enemies found them, farther still, until it had not mattered where they went, for the *Aguda*, as he called the Portuguese, had continued to clamor for more and more slaves.

"People we call *Aguda*, they buy plenty. If they buy they put for ship. That time no steamer. If man go out, man who be strong catch him and go sell. My grandfather he say *Aguda* buy we people in Popo (now French Togoland), then take go 'way to place they now calls Freetown. *Aguda* make village there, then make we people born children. When children born, *Aguda* take away go sell."

The people who were taken away, Felix said, had never been heard from. His family did not know whether any of them had lived long enough to leave descendants. But these relatives, wherever they had died, were still members of the ancestral generations, and that is why today, when Felix's family in the city of Anecho in Togoland give food for the dead, they call also upon those who had died far away to come and partake of the offerings.

II.

During our stay on the West Coast we had several times before come upon references to the days of slaving, and the recognition that in the country we came from lived the descendants of many Africans who had been carried away. But those who commented spoke guardedly, and such information as was given came from members of the ruling castes, never from commoners like Felix.

Earlier in Nigeria, which lies to the east of Dahomey, we had had occasion to speak with several of the native potentates about New

World Negroes. The Alafin of Oyo, the Alake of Abeokuta, the Oni of Ife, with the circumlocution of African rulers, had made it apparent that in their courts living traditions of the slave-trade existed, while through the good offices of the Emir of Kano, we had obtained valuable information from four old slavers who came of families that had trafficked with the Gold Coast in slaves and merchandise from the earliest times. But Kano is far to the north of the coastal belt, and slaving operations have been a reality there as late as the beginning of the present century, whereas among the coastal peoples slaving on a large scale could only exist as a tradition.

That this tradition did exist among all classes, and that it had, moreover, been incorporated into the religious structure and ritual, we had had no intimation until the incident we have recounted occurred.

However, our conversations with Felix and the Dahomeans led us to the knowledge of how much in Dahomey, at least, the slaving operations were remembered, and led us finally to the cult of the ancestors. Ancestor worship, one of the most important cults not alone in Dahomey, but in all of West Africa, takes as its typical ceremonial form the annual "customs" for the family dead. At these customs food is given to the spirits of the recent dead, and to those of all the other ancestral generations; to those who died at home, and to those who met their end in distant lands; to those whose names are known and remembered, to those who have been forgotten, and to those whose names the family in Dahomey had never had the opportunity to hear. A family of rank offer a bullock to the known dead, and, for the souls of those who died in foreign parts, a goat is sacrificed, while a poor family kill a goat for the ancestors who are known, and a cock for the family dead whose names are not known.

Now, in itself, this ritual of giving food to the unknown dead follows a custom of very ancient times. It is a compliment to these dead —one that may not be overlooked, since they are easily angered, and are dangerous when offended—to call them by name, where the name is known, or to recall them from a definite land, if that can be done. In Dahomey today, therefore, there are designations for the countries to which the slaves had gone. They are called from the land of the Nago, the Yoruba of Nigeria to whom the Dahomeans for so many years sent their annual tribute of men and women, and from the countries of the white man. *Yovotome*, white-man's land, had been the name for the countries of the English, but today it is the designation for France. *Am'ica* is America, *Agudotome*, the land of the Portuguese, or *Blezi*, is the name for Brazil, while *Kpanyo* is Dahomean for Spain, and *Kankanu* the lands of the Dutch.

Let us see the special form this ritual has taken from the historical fact of European slaving operations, by observing a ceremony for one of the dead kings of the Aladahonu dynasty which was in power from the early seventeenth century until the conquest of Dahomey by the French in the last decade of the nineteenth.

. . . It is early morning, the month is May, and we are at the palace of the son of King Behanzin, the last ruler of the native Dahomean kingdom. The customs for the kings are about to begin. In the center of the second courtyard, a young bullock lies with legs and head securely lashed, and to this bullock a goat is tied. In the first courtyard are the men whose rank does not entitle them to participate actively in the ceremony, and in the open sandy clearing in front of the palace are the commoners. Facing the entrance door from the first to the second courtyard is a long pavilion, roofed and cool, and it is there that the son of Behanzin sits under his umbrella, while beside him are perhaps twenty of his younger and more beautiful wives. We are seated under a large umbrella to the right of the pavilion, facing the trussed animals and, beyond, the temple for the ancestors at the other end of the courtyard. There is a coming and going of men, their shoulders bared out of respect, and each one as he enters or leaves kneels before the present head of the Behanzin family. Men come with gifts for the customs, and the women receive these and walk about preparing large calabashes of food.

A large audience has assembled, when the priests enter the temple where iron standards, altars to the dead, are kept. Those whose duty it is to kill the sacrificial animals advance toward them, knives in hand, accompanied by others holding calabashes to catch the blood, the "food" of the ancestors. Skilfully these men do their work, for there is scarcely a convulsion as the throat of the bullock is slit, and the body is dragged across the clearing, or, as next the goat tethered at the fence is killed. The meat of the larger animal is for the living, but not that of the goat. None of its flesh will be touched by any member of the family, for this goat is for the unknown dead, among whom are the descendants of those sold into slavery, for the royal family in Dahomey does not have too quiet a conscience about the treat-

ment of their relations of former years who were sent away.

From the temple a voice is heard chanting, then the responses of the kneeling figures. As the blood is being poured over the standards, a prayer is said:

"Oh, ancestors, do all in your power that princes and nobles who today rule never be sent away from here as slaves to Am'ica, to Togbome, to Gbulu, to Kankanu, to Gbuluvia, to Rarira. We pray you to do all in your power to punish the people who bought our kinsmen whom we shall never see again. Send their vessels to Whidah harbor. When they come, drown their crews, and make all the wealth of their ships come back to Dahomey.

An old man calls out, "And is that not a just payment for what they have taken?"

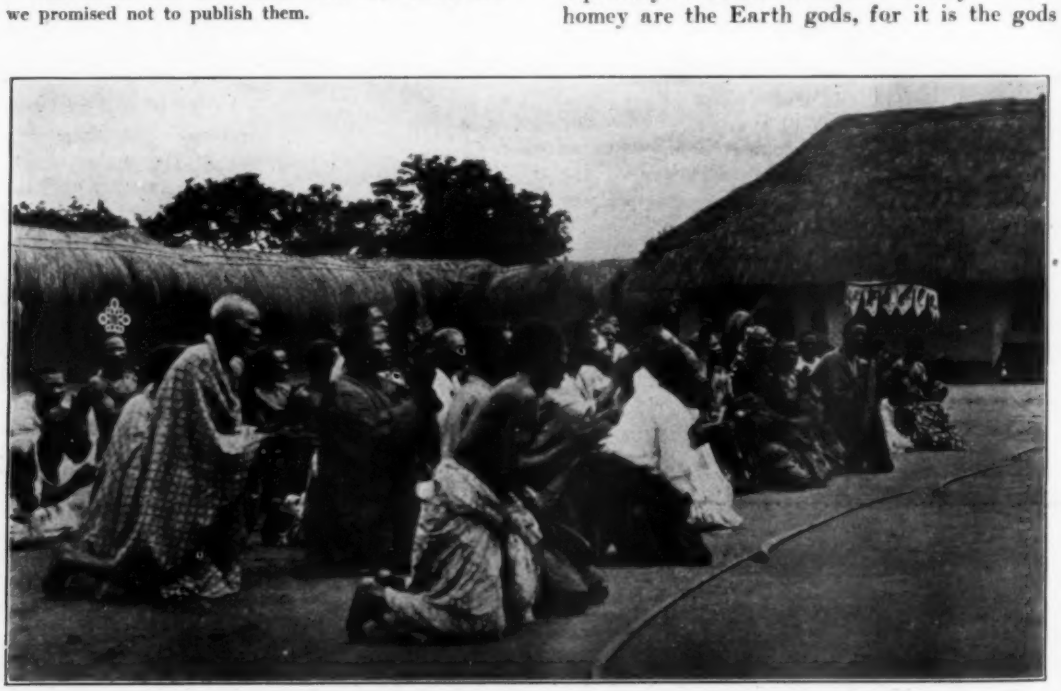
All: "Yes, yes, yes! And it is not enough. The English must bring guns. The Portuguese must bring powder. The Spaniards must bring the small stones which give fire to our fire-sticks. The Americans must bring the cloths and the rum made by our kinsmen who are there, for these will permit us to smell their presence. Long live Dahomey! You who have not succumbed to slavery here, act so that those three . . .* who died for the cause of our country in Brazil be kept in the memory of all Dahomeans, and give us news of them by White strangers who come to Abomey."

3.

The traditions of the slave trade are not exclusively lodged, however, in the rituals for the ancestors, but enter all phases of life that recreate the Dahomean past. When, for instance, we were discussing with old men the names and lore of the Dahomean totemic groupings, we heard of one, "You have nearly all the people of this family in your country. They knew too much magic. We sold them because they made too much trouble." Of another, they said, "This family has strong men. They are good warriors but bad enemies. When they troubled our king, they were caught and sold. You have their big men in your country." Still another time, when speaking of the indigenous inhabitants of the plateau of Abomey, they said, "When Hwegbadja became king he needed money for guns, and so he raided the country-side nightly. And anyhow, the people here made too much trouble by setting their gods against him."

Another tradition relates to the priestly and ruling classes, and is as follows. Hwegbadja was the first king of the Aladahonu dynasty. Tradition tells that the family came first from Adja, in the west, to Alada, in the south, not far from the sea-coast, and made its way northward to the plateau of Abomey. One of the great difficulties of occupying a conquered land is that though a ruler can overcome an indigenous people, he cannot subdue the aboriginal gods, and those that have been especially troublesome in the history of Dahomey are the Earth gods, for it is the gods

*The names that are omitted here are sacred, and we promised not to publish them.



*At the "Customs" on the Anniversary of the burial of King Bohanzin.*

of the earth who punish for misdeeds by making the grains a man eats grow on his body, and when there is much evil done in the land small-pox epidemics come, and other deadly scourges. In the reign of this Hwegbadja, therefore, who ruled from about 1650 to 1680, four chief priests of the earth cult, and six of the cult of the silk-cotton tree, their families, retainers and disciples were sold to the Portuguese because of plots to incite the gods against the conquerors. In the reign of Akaba, which extended from 1680 to 1708, six chief-priests of the river cult who were suspected of a plot against the king, were sold with all their followers, and their gods were so effectively suppressed that there is no one left who knows how to worship those ancient river spirits. The Dahomeans say that these gods have been restless ever since, and this restlessness which manifests itself in drumming heard from the bottom of sacred rivers, threatens the peace of Dahomey today.

The next king, Agadja, conquered his way to the coast, and made Whydah the port of Dahomey. This port became in his reign one of the leading outlets for the slave trade on the west coast of Africa. He is said to have sold four priests of the earth cult and their followers into slavery. Tegbesu, who ruled from 1728 to 1775, sold five priestesses of the earth cult with their disciples. This king was especially troubled by plots to unseat him, so that not alone priests but many princes and their accomplices who held office in court were disposed of in the same way. Adanzan, during his reign of twenty-one years, sold, among many others, three priests of the earth cult and their disciples. This is not the whole story. With each priest or prince sold into slavery went hundreds of people, cult-followers, men of rank who because of marriage ties might be sympathetic to a pretender's cause, the offender's children, and wives and brothers, all those, in short, who might remain to organize an insurrection, or to join with other malcontents.

The climax of this account, for the natives, at least, is the story of the enslavement of the mother of Gezo. Gezo was a small boy when his father died, and the kingship went to an older brother, the Adanzan we have just mentioned. The father, before his death, had, however, predicted that Gezo would become king. Adanzan was enraged when he learned of this and proceeded to sell Gezo's mother and sixty-three of her supporters into slavery. They were taken by the Portuguese and were sent to Brazil. There, the story goes, they found many Dahomeans. Gezo's mother and eleven others were sent to America, and because she was sad and no longer young she was sold many times. She spent twenty-four years in all in America, and founded the cult of her Dahomean god there.

"When Gezo became king he was not happy. He said, 'I am a king. I can do anything I like, yet my mother is a slave.' He went to his Portuguese friend Da Suza, and Da Suza went across the seas and searched everywhere until he found her. She came back with six other Dahomeans, and from them Gezo heard what happened to Dahomeans in America. That is how we know."

This woman returned eighteen years before the death of Gezo, a time which dates her restoration to her people at about 1840. And the new name she received in honor of her return was "Knife-without-a-handle-came-back-from-White-man's-land-and-fell-into-a-dish-of-good-stew."

# *Havana Dreams*

*By* LANGSTON HUGHES

*THE dream is a cocktail at Sloppy Joe's—*
*(Maybe—nobody knows.)*

*The dream is the road to Batabano.*
*(But nobody knows if that is so.)*

*Perhaps the dream is only her face—*
*Perhaps it's a fan of silver lace—*
*Or maybe the dream's a Vedado rose—*
*(Quien sabe? Who really knows?)*

# Enrique Diaz

*By* J. A. ROGERS

NEGRO slaves, as military leaders, have played an important part in the present political alignment of the New World. Toussaint L'Ouverture and Dessalines weakened the power of France in the Caribbean and brought about the sale of the Louisiana territory to the United States; Vicente Guerrero drove the Spaniards from Mexico and by his anti-slavery policy caused Texas to enter the American Union. Enrique Dias broke the power of the Dutch in South America, thus making easier the rise of the English-speaking peoples in the New World.

Dias lived nearly a century and a half before Toussaint L'Ouverture. Though Toussaint probably never heard of him the great Haitian could well have used him as a model. Also born a slave and of unmixed African parentage, Dias possessed military skill of the highest order. Without any military training, and almost illiterate he defeated two of Holland's ablest generals, trained in the best schools of Europe. One of them was Count Maurice of Nassau, brother of King Frederick Henry of Holland.

*J. A. Rogers, traveler, newspaper correspondent and biographer, is the author of "From Man to Superman." He has made notable studies of the part Negroes have played in the history of Europe and America.*

*—The Editor.*

Dias was born at Pernambuco, Brazil about 1605. Holland was then the world's leading power. With mastery of the seas she was crowding out Portugal her leading rival from the world's market. She had the monopoly of trade in all that region south of the Tropic of Cancer, that is, Central and South America, Africa, India, the Phillipines, and Australia. England had tried to capture some of this trade, but the Dutch defeated them in several battles, sailed up the Thames and burned the shipping.

The Dutch having secured a foothold in North America in what is now the State of New York, decided to have another in South America. Selecting Brazil, which had been Portugal's for more than a century, they landed there with a powerful force under Count Maurice of Nassau and easily defeated the Portuguese leaders. At Porto Calvo, Count Maurice defeated Count de Bonjola in a long and bloody battle and made himself master of all of Northern Brazil.

Portugal dispatched thither a powerful fleet with a large army but on the voyage across, the plague killed more than 3000 soldiers. The remainder was forced to land in Africa where many more died. When the expedition finally arrived in Brazil it could place only 10,000 men in the field. The Dutch won an easy victory. Of the fleet of 93 ships, only two ever returned to Portugal.

"These victories," says D'Urban and Mielle, "so inflated the courage of Count Maurice that he began to regard Brazil as a theatre too small for the exercise of his valor. He was ambitious by nature and passionate for glory." Count Maurice sent a part of his men for conquest in West Africa.

The Brazilians weary of Dutch rule revolted under two of their leaders, Vieyra and Negreiros, but Count Maurice defeated them in nearly every engagement. It was at this juncture that Dias entered the field.

Dias had taken a very active part in the struggle from the first. In the battle that had waged around Bahi in which the Portuguese had lost that city he had conspicuously distinguished himself by his valor. Again at Iguaruassa with only 35 other comrades of his color, he had turned the tide of battle in favor of the Portuguese.

In 1635, when the Dutch captured the fort of Buen Jesus, he was among the prisoners, but the victors, taking him for a servant of one of the white men permitted him to wander about at will. Escaping, he rejoined the Portuguese, and again distinguished himself at Porto Calvo on June 9, 1636.

In this battle in which the Portuguese were surrounded by the Dutch, Dias with only 80 black men fought his way to liberty through the ranks of the enemy.

When the Dutch had triumphed Dias went south to offer his services to the governor, Mathias de Albuquerque. The Indians, he had observed were fighting under their own leader,

Cameranos. Why should not the blacks have their own leader, also, he asked the governor?

The latter gave him permission to raise a corps of slaves and free Negroes. He succeeded in enlisting five hundred of them whom he trained thoroughly, and went off to meet the hitherto victorious Count Maurice. At Arecisse, he defeated him with great loss. In ten successive battles he repeated this success, inspiring all, both white and black, by his example. King Philip IV. of Portugal in recognition of his services placed him over all the other black men and mulattoes in the colony and gave him the highest decoration: the Order of Christ, together with a salary sufficient to maintain his rank.

Count Maurice was recalled and the leading Dutch commander of that period, Count Sigismond, took his place. Portugal, at the same time sent her ablest general, Baretto de Menenes, with a large fleet. The Dutch attacking this fleet, destroyed it and captured Menenes.

Count Sigismond, with a greatly strengthened force assailed the Portuguese at Pernambuco, captured it, and defeated all their leaders, Dias among them. But Dias, rallying soon after, met Sigismond in one of the most stubbornly fought engagements of that war of twelve years, defeated him. Sigismond with his seasoned European troops, "attacked Dias twice with impetuousity and twice beat him off with incredible valor."

Dias now besieged the Dutch general in Pernambuco. Sigismond made a sortie hoping to take Dias by surprise, but the latter, ever-vigilant, made a counter-attack, and pursued the Hollanders to the gates of the town, killing nearly all of them.

Dias' greatest exploit was the capture of Cinco Pontus. This was apparently an impregnable fortress, near Pernambuco, which commanded the whole city and neighborhood; was well-provisioned and garrisoned by an army of 5,000 men; and was protected by high, massive walls and deep and wide ditches, with twelve feet of water. As provisions were supplied by the Dutch ships it was impossible to reduce it by famine. Each attack upon it was immediately punished by a bombardment of the town and the surrounding country, which kept the Brazilians in continual alarm.

Dias decided to capture this fortress and sent his plan for its capture to the commander-in-chief. The latter thought so well of it that he gave Dias a free hand.

"Tomorrow," assured Dias, "you shall see our flag waving over the fortress of Cinco Pontus."

Bidding his men take only their knives and pistols and a tight-bound bundle of wood each, he left for the fort at two o'clock in the morning. In the dark they arrived at their destination undisturbed. Silently and rapidly they threw the wood in the deep trench, making an easy passage over the water. With this wood piled now against the wall they climbed over easily into the fort, with Dias at their head.

The garrison was asleep. Before it could be aroused Dias had gained the greater part of the fortress.

The Dutch, rallying, resisted desperately. Dias received a sabre-wound which shattered the bones of his left arm above the wrist. Learning that it would take some time to adjust the bones and arrange the dressing he made the surgeon cut off the hand. "It is of less consequence to me than a few moments' time just now," he laughed grimly. "The five fingers on this hand will be worth that many hands."

This done he rushed into the thickest of the fight and although the Dutch had the advantage of artillery and rifles he succeeded in overcoming them. In the hand-to-hand fighting he captured or killed the whole garrison and took possession of immense stores of provision and ammunition. When the smoke cleared the Portuguese flag was floating over the battlements, as Dias had promised.

The commander-in-chief, Menenes, could scarce believe his senses. Seeking out Dias who was reclining on a camp-bed, weak from loss of blood, he laudeu him.

Dias was taken to Portugal at the request of King John IV, who received him with great distinction and bade him to ask for anything he wished. Dias, thinking of his men first, asked that the regiment be perpetuated, and that pensions be given his soldiers. Later a town called Estancia was built near Pernambuco for them at the king's orders. In addition he raised Dias to the nobility and struck a medal, depicting the capture of the fortress, in his honor.

Driven out of Pernambuco, the Dutch finally yielded. With peace restored Dias, who was as modest as he was brave, kept in the background. Others pushed themselves forward and he and his brave men were soon forgotten, and even badly treated.

After the long war Brazil was impoverished, and these black men who had saved the country were now made to enrich it by enforced labor. Slavery was revived on a more oppressive scale than ever. The Indian who had also

played an important part in the struggle also suffered extremely from the attacks of the slave-hunters.

Dias lived seventeen years longer and died in neglect and poverty at Pernambuco on June 8, 1662. Although the ablest of the Portuguese leaders he was not made a general because he was a Negro.

His memory was perpetuated in a regiment known as "The Enrique Dias," composed entirely of Negroes, which lasted until the Brazilian Civil War of 1835. This regiment which was commanded by his descendants did not "ally itself with the whites, wishing thus to perpetuate the memory of a race which is honored in the colony."

Several of the French, Spanish, and Portuguese encyclopedias speak in the highest terms of him. Pinheiro Chagas has written a short sketch of his life. Several Italian writers of the seventeenth century have also praised his bravery highly and his military skill, among them Brandano, who has devoted considerable space to him.

"To cleverness in military tactics and in strategy he joined the most audacious courage," said the Abbe Gregoire, "and disconcerted the Dutch generals. In a battle when the superiority of some of his soldiers began to fail, he threw himself into the midst of them, shouting: 'are these the valiant companions of Enrique Dias?' His speech and his example infused them with new vigor and the enemy that already believed itself victorious, he charged with an impetuosity that forced it to turn back and dash precipitately for the town. Dias forced Arrecife to capitulate; Pernambuco to yield, and destroyed entirely the Dutch army."

In resources, Brazil is one of the richest and most highly favored of all countries. It is as large as the United States and France combined. Had this immense territory remained in the power of Holland the Dutch might have been strong enough to retain New York and parts of New England. In short, but for Dias there might not have been a United States, or at best a less powerful one.

# *Beauty and Beasts*

*By* MARCUS B. CHRISTIAN

*ON the world's winding-stairs,*
*Faithless to duty,*
*Poor little black boys*
*A-dreaming of beauty.*

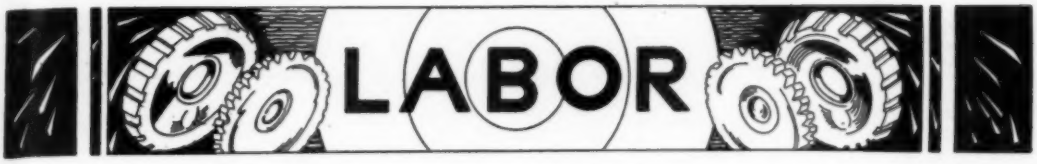
*Sing your songs pretty now—*
*Artfully lisp;*
*Follow the trail*
*Of the Will-o-the-wisp.*

*Don't sing those horrid songs!*
*Sing something gentle;*
*Something not bitter,*
*But quaint, sentimental.*

*—Naught that will show*
*Of the soul's bitter pain,—*
*But something like tin*
*In a patter of rain.*

*Leave out the turbulent—*
*Think not of duty,*
*But show us the deeper*
*Perceptions of beauty.*

*Sing your songs pretty now—*
*Artfully lisp;*
*Follow the trail*
*Of the Will-o-the-wisp!*




# *Economic Status of the Negro*

*By* T. ARNOLD HILL

THE Rosenwald Conference on the Economic Status of the Negro, which was held in Washington, May 11-13, was unique in that it drew together prominent Negroes in diverse fields who represented every shade of economic thought from "Communism to prayer." All the intervening philosophies found direct or inferential expression in the prepared speeches delivered from the rostrum or in the impromptu discussions on the floor. Present were Mr. James W. Ford, Negro Vice-Presidential candidate on the Communist ticket in the last election, and Illinois Republican Congressman Oscar De Priest. Present also were young Negro teachers with whom Ford was in good standing and who lauded his capture of the audience by an ironic but statesmanlike refusal to discuss Communism in the five minutes unexpectedly accorded him. Older heads—Dr. Kelly Miller of Howard University and President John M. Gandy of Virginia State College—spoke from the floor to favor conciliation and conservatism after a courageous address by Dr. Broadus Mitchell, young radical Southern economist from Johns Hopkins University, who delivered a broad-side advocacy of radicalism in its most advanced form.

These philosophic controversies were of little value in themselves, but they reflected the varied penetration that went into the discussions and thus kept the Conference from being "ham-strung" by any one group or point of view. Academically, one could hardly offer criticism, for the papers were scholarly and objective. Discussions were based upon factual material arrived at logically and stated clearly and convincingly. References to the Negro followed presentation of statistics, authenticated reports, and conclusions respecting all workers in each of the major fields considered. To this general situation the problems affecting Negroes were, in every instance, related. Whether the Conference was considering steel or food, rural or urban population, industry or agriculture, Government ownership or private control, normal or depression production, employment or unemployment; there was always this scholarly presentation of the facts as a whole and the effect of the general economic condition upon the Negro.

No findings have yet been announced by the Committee appointed for this purpose. The proposals were too numerous and diverse to permit of study and codification in time to be presented before the Conference adjourned. But a few points were accepted as being substantially agreed to. Among these were:

First, that the same influences leading to the displacement of workers in general have caused the dismissal of Negroes in the basic industries of the country. Stated differently: economic factors and not race factors have been the predominant cause of the displacement of Negro workers.

Second, that notwithstanding the traditional labor handicap of marginal unemployment, the Negro has dropped but little in the proportion of his numbers employed in these basic industries.

Third, that his losses in agriculture and domestic and personal service have resulted in large numbers of Negroes being out of work and that these make him relatively a larger recipient of private and public relief than whites, with greater disproportionate handicaps to normal family life.

Fourth, that the decided regulatory interest the Government is taking in business, and the participation of organized labor in this connection, suggests the direction that plans for Negro workers must take. Various bureaus entrusted with working out policies and procedures in connection with the control or regulation of private business, work and building projects, agricultural loans, etc., can be expected, if history is not to be changed, to neglect Negroes, or leave them only that which is the most disagreeable and burdensome.

Fifth, that the Negro, while making great progress in professions and trades, must have more outlets to absorb those coming out of school and qualified for employment above that usually accorded Negroes. This does not, however, relieve Negroes of their own obligation to locate in uncongested fields and pursue practices usually followed by successful individuals.

# *John Brown: God's Angry Man*

*By* STERLING A. BROWN

TO the chronicler, *God's Angry Man** superbly justifies what, by its abuse, has been open to attack: the novelists' interpretative re-creation of biography and history. Here we have what we believe to be the essential John Brown. The magnetism of John Brown, while alive, drew the youthful dreamer, the rebel, the cynic, the marauder, the churchman, the soldier of fortune, the scholar; and now even though he is dead, his magnetism draws the minds of men. In this portrait, more nearly life-size than Benets' admirable characterization, we get something—a great deal—of the thrill that Thoreau and Kagi knew, that electrified Watson and Oliver Brown to give up cherished wives and children, that even J. E. B. Stuart and Lee must have recognized at Harper's Ferry.

The man of this book differs greatly from the horse stealing, homicidal fanatic in the latest biography of Brown, done by Robert Penn Warren. Yet Leonard Ehrlich's Brown is not conceived in the spirit of blind hero-worship. The horrors of Bloody Kansas are not palliated; Mahala Doyle, wife of one of Brown's first victims is as sympathetically interpreted as poor Mary Brown—Jason Brown the lover of peace as much as Owen Brown the blind devotee of his father. There is no undue partisanship. But there is deep understanding. The tragic events of a confused period: the eye-for-an-eye ethics of the border, the sufferings of the women whose hopes of security and happiness were shattered against the flint-like logic of an old man's dream, the irony of the fact that the first victim of Brown's raid to free Negroes was the free Negro, Hayward, the failure on the part of Negroes to join the man whose attempt to free them was to lead him to the gibbet—all are here, in graphic, vigorous and beautiful prose. But above them all towers, as in real life he towered, the figure of John Brown, a mystic who believed in a God-given task and relentlessly pursued it to its end—sacrificing for its achievement what men call blessed — driven by the dominant belief that slavery was evil, and that only blood could wipe away its wrongs.

"All this bloodshed, then, this violence, how in Heaven's name do you justify it?" (asked the governor at his trial.)

"Upon the Golden Rule, sir. I pity the poor in bondage that had none to help them. That's why I am here. Not to gratify any personal revenge or vindictive spirit. It's my sympathy with the oppressed and the wronged, that are as good as you and as precious in His sight. And I want you to understand, gentlemen"—here the old man raised himself a little—"I want you to understand that I respect the rights of the poorest and weakest of colored people oppressed by the slave system, as much as I do those of the most wealthy and powerful. . . . Ay, let me say furthermore, that you had better, all you people of the South, prepare yourself for a settlement of that question. . . . You may dispose of me very easily. I'm nearly disposed of now. But this question is still to be settled. This Negro question, I mean. The end of that is not yet."

The portraiture of the subsidiary characters is brilliantly executed: Kagi, for whom the gaunt avenger supplies the need for something to believe in; Oliver, fretting against the tyranny of his father and yet drawn to him; Higginson, the bearded abolitionist, refusing to flinch when most of the cautious Northerners fled; Thoreau, who saw in Brown the embodiment of his philosophy of anarchy. The Negro characters are done with fine sympathy. These are some of them: Frederick Douglass, willing to use violence against slavers but not against a government arsenal, realizing the bitter fact that too many Negroes, broken by slavery, wanted only "hot yams and a roof and not to be beaten"; Harriet Tubman the splendid, nearest to John Brown in character, a Moses, wanted "dead or alive, and ten thousand dollars would be paid for the body";

(Continued on Page 187)

*God's Angry Man, by Leonard Ehrlich. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1932. $2.50.

## FORCED LABOR IN A DEMOCRACY

FORCED LABOR IN THE UNITED STATES. By Walter Wilson. International Publishers. $1.50.

THE methods by which a competitive industrial and democratic society employ forced labor are strange and diverse. Little can one afford to be astonished at the mechanics of a Liberian slave trade when the atrocities permitted in the name of freedom on this side of the Atlantic are so far-reaching and insiduous. Walter Wilson has adequately portrayed the fact and fancy governing the use of forced labor by the employing United States.

Lest it be assumed that chain gangs are the only methods by which labor is exploited in this manner—and the author had an excellent article on this subject in the April issue of Harper's magazine—it might be recalled that forced labor includes the manifold problems of peonage practiced in the agricultural states of the South; the use of the contract system by the Federal Government whereby sub-contractors "employ" workers to labor under such conditions as fomented the recent outbreak on the various Mississippi River flood control projects; the use of prison labor and prison made goods in competition with free labor and its products; the evils of the company town with its absence of "free contracts"; and the use of inmates of poorhouses, orphan homes and even government schools for the Indians on projects frequently for private profit, in defense of which contention is the example "indicated by a statement from Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who is connected with the Rome (New York) School for Mental Defectives, that girls from that institution were being exploited in private homes for sixty cents a day, the 'wages' being paid, not to the girls, but to the State."

In the colonies of the United States an even more flagrant form of forced labor exists. In the West Indies, Cuba, the Phillipines, Haiti—in fact, it seems that wherever the American dollar, before its inflation, went—there developed laws, regulations and practices that took away from native labor its last vestige of freedom.

The situation in the United States and the colonies is paralleled with the aims, objectives and practices of the Soviet Union in its handling of prison labor. It is almost stupid to suggest again that this land of the free can learn much from Russia on modern prison methods—but it is, nevertheless, true. While the reviewer at first considered the author quite inconsistent in devoting one-third of his book to the subject of forced labor in the U. S. S. R., he quickly changed his mind, for the chapter offered a challenge to the intelligence of the labor leaders and reformers who have for years fought the elimination of the prison work scourge.

*Forced Labor in the United States* is a noteworthy beginning to what should be an exhaustive expose of the various untoward conditions faced by the laboring masses. It is surprising, for instance, how many of the restrictions placed upon our working population are incorporated in the laws of our cities, South and North. Forced labor is only a part of the general problem of restricted labor, and fantastic as it may seem, this element of restricted labor is one of the devices of "divide and rule" that has played so prominent a role in the development of our capital-labor policies. The volume is worthy of being called our first picture of forced labor in its totality.

—IRA DeA. REID

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## *JOHN BROWN: GOD'S ANGRY MAN*

(Continued from Page 186)

William Still, who knew more about the "Underground" than any man in the land, who said to Brown, "You free them; I'll lead them out"; John Anthony Copeland, mulatto student at Oberlin, who left his garret lamp of learning for an even finer light; Dangerfield Newby, whose wife in the far South was never to be redeemed; and finally 'Emperor' Green, who after the night-long argument, between Douglass and Brown said only, "I b'lieve I go wid de ole man."

This is a moving book about a great subject. For the modern timorous mind, it is difficult to believe that men such as John Brown ever existed, or acted from the motives that were theirs. Therefore, biographers have tried to explain Brown as a maniac, or an egotist, whose chief desire was to be 'head of the heap.' Such a discounting of the motive of burning resentment at oppression, a resentment not satisfied with mere humanitarian well-wishing is an indictment of our days. It is just because John Brown did have such a resentment that today, for all appearances to the contrary, "his soul goes marching on. . ."

# Survey of the Month

## Urban League

Reports from Urban League branches throughout the country indicate that the Vocational Opportunity Campaign conducted by the Department of Industrial Relations of the League has been effectively carried out. The campaign publications *The Color-Line Series* have proved of tremendous aid to teachers, social workers and students and may be secured from the office of the National Urban League.

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Robert Elzy, Secretary of the Brooklyn Urban League delivered an address over station WINS on Friday, May 12th in which he outlined the history of the National Urban League and the work of the Brooklyn Urban League since its inception. Among other things Mr. Elzy said: "The Urban League fully appreciates the difficulties which the Negro population must, perforce, face during these unsettled times. It cannot, however, fail to send out an earnest plea that the employing public may be alive to the economic possibilities of a race that asks only a fair chance. If white America continues to ignore this plea, then assuredly, the light of our efforts will have been put out as effectively as was the light at the Temple of Isis."

## Labor

Agnes Burns Wieck, State President, Woman's Auxiliary of the Progressive Miners of America writes of terrible conditions in the Southern Illinois Coal Fields. A state of terrorism exists, she reports, and women and men black and white have been whipped threatened, tear-gassed and at least two men have been killed. Negro miners, according to the report are playing a courageous part in the struggle of this group of mine workers.

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## Music

Students of State Teachers College at Cheyney, Pennsylvania, presented a benefit performance of Jethro, The Ethiopian at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on May 5th. Of the performance the Philadelphia Ledger said: "It is a fair summing up to say that nothing altogether like Jethro has been seen before and that those possessing sensitiveness to the finer potentialities of the stage who missed it have genuine cause for regret." The text for this dramatic pageant was written by Dr. Leslie Pinckney Hill, President of Cheyney, as was the music employed in the presentation with the exception of the Negro spirituals.

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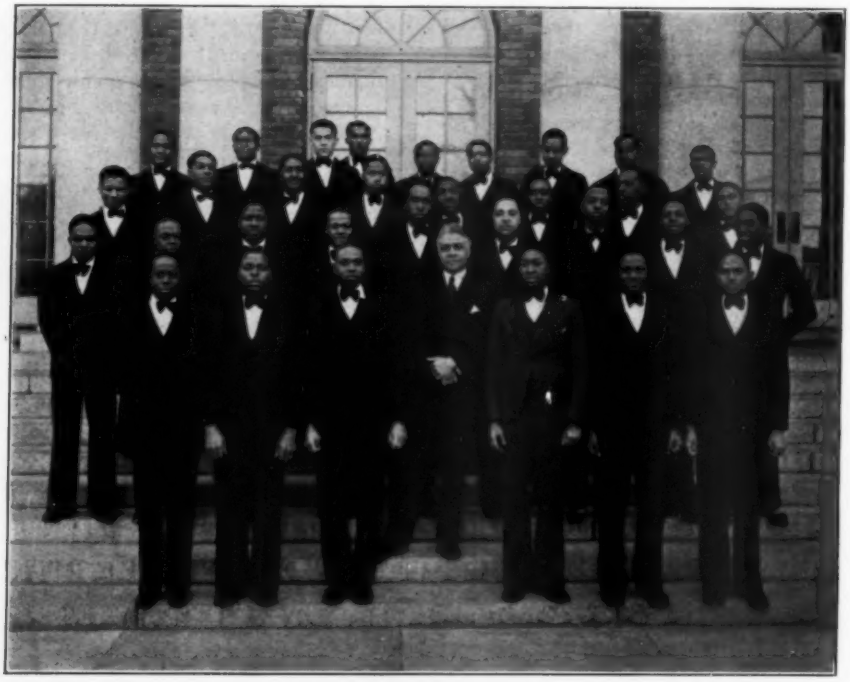
The Hampton Male Glee Club under the Direction



*Hampton Male Glee Club*

of Clarence Cameron White, gave a concert at the White House for President Roosevelt, former Premier Herriot of France and other guests, who had assembled to hear this singing aggregation which is a favorite with the Chief Executive. The President is said to be very fond of Negro Spirituals.

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## Awards

Announcement is made by the Omega Psi Phi fraternity of their annual Essay Contest which began May 1st and will close September 30. The contest is open to college undergraduates and high school students throughout the country. The subjects are for college students, "The Significance of the Achievements of Negroes" and for high school students, "Why Mention the Negroes' Accomplishments?" Eleven awards will be given in each division and will be made on the basis of research, originally and literary merit. Information concerning the competition may be secured from Robert D. Baskerville, 60 N. 36th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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## Aviation

*Opportunity* is happy to say that the statement in the April issue that the Capitol Airport of Indianapolis was the first in America to open its doors to Negro students of flying was misleading. C. Alfred Anderson, a Negro of Ardmore, Pennsylvania, has been engaged in commercial aviation for the last three years. He holds a transport license and is now operations manager of Aviation Service. His first pupil of his own race to receive a pilot's license was Dr. Albert E. Forsythe, M. D., of Atlantic City, New Jersey.

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## Athletics

Negro college athletes are making splendid records in the spring games now being conducted in the various universities throughout the country. In the recent Big Ten Meet, Willis Ward versatile athlete from the University of Michigan scored 18 points out of a total of 60½ which gave Michigan the Championship for the year 1933. Brooks of Chicago also scored heavily, winning the broad jump and placing in several other events.

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Of Metcalfe, Marquette's great sprinter, Edwin B. Dooley writing in the New York *Sun* says: "Just where Metcalfe will stop no one knows. He is the greatest running machine, potentially and actually, that the track world has ever seen in action. Strong, big, rangy and powerful he has a magnificent stride, and a terrific "pickup" which brings him to the fore in the last few yards of a race. Already he has lowered the world marks in the 40-yard dash; the 60-yard dash; the 60-meter sprint; the 100-meter, the 200-meter and the 220-yard dash. All of his times have not and will not be accepted, but the facts are he has negotiated almost every sprint distance listed in the books in better time than his famous predecessors."

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## Adult Education

The Eighth Annual Meeting of the American Association for Adult Education recently convened at the Jones Library, Amherst, Massachusetts. Eugene Kinckle Jones, Executive Secretary of the National Urban League and Chairman of the Harlem Adult Education Committee presided at the session on Racial Development and Cooperation. Dr. Alain Locke discussed the Harlem Experiment and Mae C. Hawes the Atlanta Experiment. Dr. John Hope, President of Atlanta University, Arthur Schomburg, Curator, Schomburg Collection, 135th Street Library, New York, Miss Ernestine Rose, Librarian, 135th Street Library, New York and Sara Reid, Field Secretary, Harlem Committee for Adult Education took part in the discussion which was led by David K. Niles, Director Ford Hall Forum, Boston.

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## Schools and Colleges

J. Mason Brewer, Professor of Romance Languages, Samuel Huston College, Austin, Texas, participated in the program of the 19th Annual Session of the Texas Folk-lore Society which was held at Baylor University, Waco, Texas. He spoke on Old Time Negro Proverbs.

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The following Resolutions were adopted by the students of the College of the Sacred Heart, one of the exclusive schools for young women under the Catholic Church at a meeting of the Catholic Action Forum on May 3, 1933:

RESOLUTION:

WHEREAS: I am enjoying the privilege of a Catholic higher education, I recognize that I have certain duties and obligations toward my fellow man, among which I must consider my conduct and attitude toward the American Negro.

I therefore resolve to carry out and adhere to the following resolutions:

1. To maintain that the Negro as a human being and as a citizen is entitled to the rights of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness and to the essential opportunities of life and the full measure of social justice.

2. To be courteous and kind to every colored person remembering the heavy yoke of injustice and discrimination he is bearing. To remember that no race or group in America has endured the many handicaps that are his today.

3. To say a kind word for him on every proper occasion.

4. Not to speak slightingly or use nick names which tend to humiliate, offend or discourage him.

5. To remember that the Catholic Church and the Catholic program of social justice has been called "The Greatest Hope of the Colored Race."

6. To recognize that the Negro shares my membership in the Mystical Body of Christ and the privileges that flow therefrom and to conduct myself in accordance therewith.

7. To give liberally on the Sundays of the year when the collections are devoted to the heroic missionaries laboring among the Negro group.

8. To become increasingly interested in the welfare of the Negro; to engage actively in some form of Catholic Action looking to the betterment of his condition, spiritually and materially.

## Race Relations

From July 1st to July 30th an Institute of Race Relations will be held at Swarthmore College under the auspices of The Committee on Race Relations of the Society of Friends. "The aim of the Institute is to devise techniques which will have a background of fact and impartial analysis, coupled with the intent to apply these techniques in ever widening measure, and to increase these as the skills of the groups equipped to apply them develop." The Faculty and Lecturers are as follows: W. W. Alexander, Dillard University, and the Commission on Interracial Co-operation; Mabel Carney, Rural Education Department, Teachers College, Columbia University; W. E. B. DuBois, Economics Department, Atlanta University; E. Franklin Frazier, Department of Social Science, Fisk University; Abram L. Harris, Economics Department, Howard University; Melville Herskovits, Anthropology Department, Northwestern University; Jesse H. Holmes, Department of Philosophy, Swarthmore College; E. A. Hooton, Anthropolgy Department, Harvard University; Charles S. Johnson, Department of Social Science, Fisk University; James Weldon Johnson, Department of Creative Literature, Fisk University; Otto Klineberg, Psychology Department, Columbia University; Edouard Lindemann, New York School of Social Work; Herbert Adolphus Miller, Author of "The Beginning of Tomorrow"; George Fort Milton, Author of "The Age of Hate," Editor of *The Chattanooga News;* Broadus Mitchell, Economics Department, Johns Hopkins University; Howard W. Odum, Sociology Department, University of North Carolina; Ulrich B. Phillips, History Department, Yale University; E. B. Reuter, Sociology Department, University of Iowa; Charles H. Thompson, Department of Education, Howard University; Donald Young, Social Science Research Council; Eugene Kinckle Jones, National Urban League. Helen R. Bryan and Crystal Bird Fauset are the secretaries of the Institute.

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## The Nation's Press

The Raleigh *News and Observer* has this to say about the proposed impeachment of Judge Lowell of Massachusetts. in an editorial:

WHO SHOULD BE IMPEACHED

In Congress yesterday men were actively seeking action to impeach a Federal judge who, in Massachusetts, had granted a writ of habeas corpus to a Negro whom Virginia sought to extradite for trial on a charge of murder. . . .

Judge Lowell is a little premature in making the decision for the Supreme Court of the United States. Obviously he came to his strange thinking as a result of the arguments in the famous Scottsboro case in Alabama. And it is Alabama's action in that case that Southern Congressmen have to blame for the present attacks upon the jury system of the entire South, and not the Massachusetts judge, wrong as he apparently is.

The fruits of injustice are not easily gathered in advance. Alabama, in its outrageous verdict in the Scottsboro case, has aroused the suspicion as well as the indignation of the world. In its attempt to obstinately uphold "white civilization" it has upset the whole system of Southern justice.

If the South must place the blame for the present widespread questioning of its jury system, if Southern Congressmen must denounce someone for it, the logical recipient for the South's blame and the South's denunciation is the State of Alabama, and particularly those forces in it who imperiled the quiet relations of the races in the whole South in an outrageous case which is itself a mockery of the South's precious doctrine of white preservation of Southern womanhood.

Injustice in the South has borne swift and dangerous fruit.

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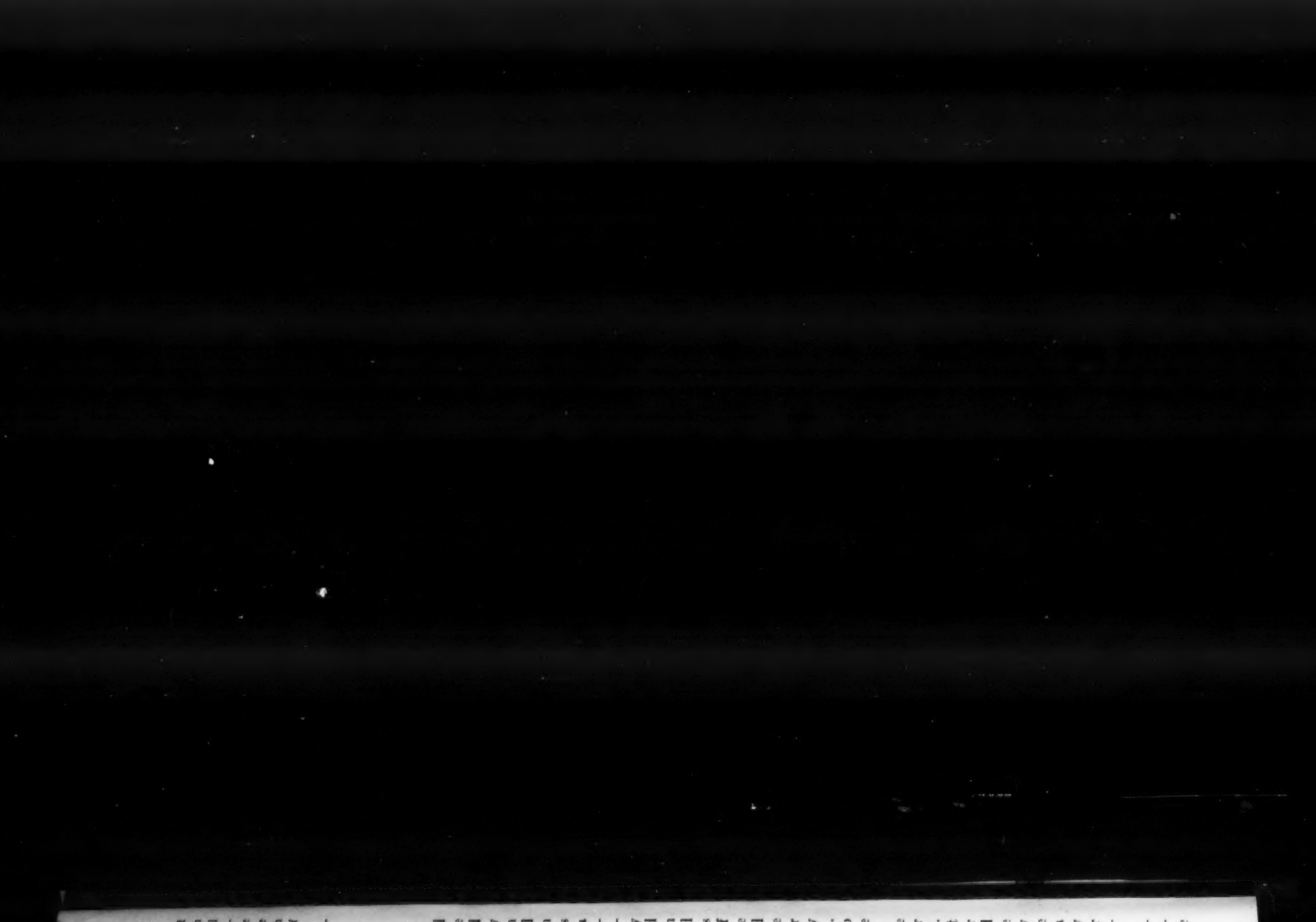
## A SUMMER TRAGEDY

(Continued from Page 177)

chamber was, for less than a second, peopled by characters he knew and loved. They were simple, healthy creatures, and they behaved in a manner that he could understand. They had quality. But since he had already taken leave of them long ago, the remembrance did not break his heart again. Young Jeff Patton was among them, the Jeff Patton of fifty years ago who went down to New Orleans with a crowd of country boys to the *Mardi Gras* doings. The gay young crowd, boys with candy-striped shirts and rouged-brown girls in noisy silks, was like a picture in his head. Yet it did not make him sad. On that very trip Slim Burns had killed Joe Beasley—the crowd had been broken up. Since then Jeff Patton's world had been the Greenbrier Plantation. If there had been other *Mardi Gras* carnivals, he had not heard of them. Since then there had been no time; the years had fallen on him like waves. Now he was old, worn out. Another paralytic stroke (like the one he had already suffered) would put him on his back for keeps. In that condition, with a frail blind woman to look after him, he would be worse off than if he were dead.

Suddenly Jeff's hands became steady. He actually felt brave. He slowed down the motor of the car and carefully pulled off the road. Below, the water of the stream boomed, a soft thunder in the deep channel. Jeff ran the car onto the clay slope, pointed it directly toward the stream and put his foot heavily on the accelerator. The little car leaped furiously down the steep incline toward the water. The movement was nearly as swift and direct as a fall. The two old black folks, sitting quietly side by side, showed no excitement. In another instant the car hit the water and dropped immediately out of sight.

A little later it lodged in the mud of a shallow place. One wheel of the crushed and upturned little Ford became visible above the rushing water.